

we landed at Cyprus, where we passed a day on land famous in all ages, but more delightful to me as the residence of Fortunatus than as the rosy realm of Venus or the romantic kingdom of the Crusaders. Here we got a pilot to take us to Jaffa.

One morning, with a clear blue sky and an intense sun, we came in sight of the whole coast of Syria, very high and mountainous, and the loftiest ranges covered with snow. We passed Beyrout, Sur, the ancient Tyre, St. Jean d'Acre, and at length cast anchor in the roads of Jaffa. Here we made a curious acquaintance in Damiani, the descendant of an old Venetian family, but himself a perfect Oriental. We had read something about his grandfather in Volney, and as he had no conception of books, he was so appalled by our learning that, had we not been Englishmen, he would have taken us for sorcerers. We found him living among the most delightful gardens of oranges, citrons, and pomegranates, the trees as high and the fruit as thick as in our English apple orchards; himself a most elegant personage in flowing robes of crimson silk, &c., &c. I am obliged to hint rather than describe, and must reserve all detail till our meeting. Pie wished us to remain with him for a month, and gave us an admirable Oriental dinner, which would have delighted my father — rice, spices, pistachio nuts, perfumed r6-tis, and dazzling confectionery.

From Jaffa, a party of six, well mounted and well armed, we departed for Jerusalem. Jaffa is a pretty town, surrounded by gardens, and situated in a fruitful plain. After riding over this, we crossed a range of light hills and came into the plain of Bamle, vast and fertile. Bamle, the ancient Arima-thea, is the model of our idea of a beautiful Syrian village, all the houses isolated, and each surrounded by palm trees, the meadows and the exterior of the village covered with olive trees or divided by rich plantations of Indian fig. Here we sought hospitality in the Latin convent, an immense establishment, well kept up, but with only one monk.

The next day they continued their journey towards the East.

In the distance rose a chain of severe and savage mountains. I was soon wandering, and for hours, in the wild, stony ravines of these shaggy rocks. At length, after several passes, I gained the ascent of a high mountain. Upon an opposite

¹ *Letters*, p. 58.